

Rich. I, no; no, I for I must nothing be:
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee:
Now, marke me how I will vndoe my selfe:
I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,
And this vniuersall Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart,
With mine owne Teates I wash away my Balmie,
With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breach release all dubious Oathes:
All Pompe and Maiestie I doe forsweare,
My Manors, Rents, Reuenues, I forgoe,
My Aids, Deuities, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,
God keepe all Vowes that broke are made to thee,
Make me, that nothing haue, with nothing grieu'd,
And thou with all pleasures that hast all achieu'd.
Long mayst thou liue in *Richards* Seat to see,
And looke vpon *Richards* in an Earthie Pit:
God saue King *Henry*, vn-King'd *Richard* sayes,
And send him many yeeres of Sunne-shine dayes:
What more remains?

North. No more: but that you reade
These Accusations, and these grieuous Crimes,
Committed by your Person, and your followers,
Against the State, and Profit of this Land:
That by confessing them, the Soules of men
May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I trauell out
My weard vp follies? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were vpon Record,
Would it not shame thee, in so faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou finde one heynous Article,
Containing the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damnd in the Booke of Heauen.
Nay, all of you, that stand and looke vpon me,
Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth baite my selfe,
Though some of you, with *Pilate*, wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie: yet you *Pilates*
Haue here deliver'd me to my fowre Crosse;
And Water cannot wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles.

Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot see:
And yet salt Water blindes them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turpe mine Eyes vpon my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest:
For I haue giuen here my Soules consent,
To vndeck the pompous Body of a King,
Made Glory base; a Soueraigntie, a Slaue;
Prowd Maiestie, a Subject; State, a Pefant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;
No, nor that Name was giuen me at the Font,
But 'tis vsurpt: a lack the heauie day,
That I haue worn so many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my selfe away in Water-drops.
Good King, great King; and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither straight,

That it may shew me what a Face I haue,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie.

Bull. Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.

North. Read o're this Paper, while *Y* Glasse doth come.

Rich. Fiend, thou tormentest me, ere I come to Hell.

Bull. Vnge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: He reade enough.

When I doe see the very Booke indeede,
Where all my finnes are writ, and that's my selfe.

Enter one with a Glasse.

Giue me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.

No deeper wrinkles yet? hath Sorrow strucke

So many Blowes vpon this Face of mine,

And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatter ring Glasse,

Like to my followers in prosperitie,

Thou dost beguile me. Was this Face, the Face

That euery day, vnder his House-hold Roofe,

Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,

That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?

Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follies,

That was at last out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?

A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,

As brittle as the Glory, is the Face.

For there it is, crackt in an hundred shiuers,

Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,

How soone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

Bull. The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd

The shadow of your Face.

Rich. Say that againe.

The shadow of my Sorrow, that's let's see.

'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,

And these externall manner of Laments,

Are meere shadowes, to the vnscene Griefe,

That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soule.

There lyes the substance: and I thanke thee King

For thy great bountie, that not onely giu'st

Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way

How to lament the cause. He begge one Boone,

And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtaine it?

Bull. Name it, faire Cousin.

Rich. Faire Cousin? I am greater then a King.

For when I was a King, my flatterers

Were then but subjects; being now a subject,

I haue a King here to my flatterer.

Being so great, I haue no neede to begge.

Bull. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I haue?

Bull. You shall.

Rich. Then giue me leaue to goe.

Bull. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bull. Goe some of you, conuey him to the Tower.

Rich. Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all,

That rise thus nimble by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe

Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your selues.

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.

Carl. The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,

Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.

Ann. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot

To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,

You shall not onely take the Sacrament,

To bury mine intents, but also to effect

What

What euer I shall happen to deuise.
I see your Browes are full of Discontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
Shall shew vs all a merry day.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Julius Caesars* ill-erected Tower:
To whose flint Bosome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Here let vs rest, if this rebellious Earth
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard, and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pittie may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh againe with true-loue Teares.
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest.

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am frowne Brother (Sweet)

To grim Necessitie; and hee and I
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloyster thee in some Religious House:
Our holy liues must winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here haue stricken downe.

Qu. What, is my *Richard* both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath hee bene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying, thrusteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,
And fawne on Rage with base Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
I had bene still a happy King of Men.

Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou tak'st,
As from my Death-bed, my last liuing leaue.
In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the sencelesse Brands will sympathize
The heauie accent of thy moing Tongue,
And in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourne in ashes, some coale-black,
For the deposing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.

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Rich. *Northu*

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